

# STUDY IN PEN AND PENCIL OF ROSE HARRIET PASTOR, THE GENIUS OF THE GHETTO

"One Will Look in Vain for Any Exhibition of Self-Consciousness from This Young Girl So Suddenly Lifted from Comparative Obscurity." Writes Observer of People.

HER FACE, THOUGH NOT PRETTY, REFLECTS THE BEAUTY OF HER MIND.

Series of Articles Which She Will Write for The Evening World Beginning Next Monday Will Describe Her Trials Among the Poor of London and of the Great East Side.

## GHETTO GENIUS'S PROMISE TO WRITE FOR THE EVENING WORLD.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

DEAR SIR—I thank you very much for your suggestion to write six sketches for your paper on subjects of interest in the so-called Ghetto—the lower east side.

I accept your offer and will furnish the first of the series for Monday, April 10.

Sincerely,  
Rose Harriet Pastor.

BY WILLIAM A. WILLIS.

It is a long jump in the life of a Ghetto girl from the heart-breaking struggle of keeping the bodies and souls of a large family together, and at the same time devoting time and energy to the uplifting of herself and of the less fortunate of the sisters of her race from the squalor of their environment, to that of self of a man who bears the name of one of New York's oldest and best families, and mistress of the millions of his inheritance.

Rose Harriet Pastor is a name that a few days ago was unknown in New York outside of that little group of sociologists who devote their time and what means they have to the study of the Ghetto. To-day it is a name in everybody's mouth, and the bearer of it has become an object of interest to thousands who as yet have only a superficial acquaintance with her and her remarkable life.

Only Miss Pastor herself can tell the story of those early and apparently hopeless struggles to rise above the misery of the surroundings in which she was born, and she is going to tell them to Evening World readers in all their wealth of pathos, in six sketches, the first of which will appear on Monday.

Miss Pastor, a Jewess, is going to marry Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, a young man who inherited \$10,000,000 from his grandfather, and whose birth and position place him in the first ranks of American society. He is a young man who has voluntarily relinquished social position with all its attractions to work among the poor, and in the Ghetto he has reared an imperishable monument to himself.

It was a curious whim of fate to take a young aristocrat from the brilliant circle to which he belonged and place him among the most miserable of all New York's poor, to meet and love a girl as far removed from him in social scale as she could be. Mr. Stokes does not call it fate. He regards it as the work of a Divine direction, an idealistic view fully shared by Miss Pastor. This young couple have but a single idea for the future.

Both Have a Single Idea for the Future.

One would expect some emotion, some exhibition of self-consciousness, from a young girl so suddenly lifted from comparative obscurity. One will look in vain for it in Miss Pastor. If there is one thing that impresses about her on first acquaintance it is her extreme self-possession, her utter unconsciousness of the change that has taken place in her position. Viewed from a worldly standpoint, it is a great change; to Miss Pastor it is a great happiness added to a hard life and an extension of her field of endeavor—nothing more.

Miss Pastor's face reflects the beauty of her mind, and there is a magnetism about her which makes itself felt at once. She is rather short in stature, with a slender, pretty figure, and a wealth of golden-brown hair, which she wears loosely in the back. Her eyes are dark brown and full of light. She has the forehead of her race, the type of which is accentuated by the shadow in the hair.

Her face is rather thin, and bears lines which are eloquent of the early struggles. There is a magnetism about this girl which is felt at once. She has the strictest sense of voice and the softest of eyes, which have a way of lighting up when she is interested, and compelling admiration. Her hands are rather large, but well formed, and there is a grace in her every movement.

Miss Pastor talks of herself willingly, almost eagerly. She is interested in everything, and especially in politics. Naturally the field of her work has made her a trifle of a Socialist, but she is tremendously broad-minded. Next to her work among the poor her love is greatest for literature. She has had little time to develop the literary genius of which she is undoubtedly possessed, but she will have more time after she is married, and the world will hear of her work.

Years ago, when Miss Pastor was struggling in a cigar factory to support herself and her family, and at the same time teaching classes of girls at night, she used the hours set aside for sleep to write in. Some of the poems which she did then have appeared in The Evening World, and have attracted a great deal of attention.

Naturally frail, her health broke down from the strain, and a point was reached where it was, give up the idea of writing, or give up the work. This crisis in her life came at a time when she was more or less dependent on the few dollars she got out of her literary work; but she did not hesitate. She gave up the writing.

"I couldn't give up the girls," she said to-day. "They needed me more than I needed the writing, or the little money it brought me."

There was no affection about this. It was said with composure and entire sincerity. This young girl is tremendously sincere about everything, and has a quiet determination which sweeps aside all obstacles.

It was this one little incident in a life of self-sacrifice that brought Miss Pastor to New York. Her little efforts had appeared in a Jewish publication in this city from time to time. Gradually the readers of that paper came to look for them, and when they stopped these distant friends wanted to know why. In the end, it became essential to the owner of that paper to have Miss Pastor's work in his paper regularly.

He could only do it in one way, and that was by bringing her here and giving her a position. He did it, and before very long the University Settlement workers, realizing her great value to the work they were devoting themselves to, took her from him.

The Evening World has already told how Miss Pastor first met Mr. Stokes while doing work for the Jewish paper, how her genius and her devotion to her work gradually developed into a love which the girl herself reciprocated.

Only the University Settlement workers know what Miss Pastor has accomplished on the east side. Of them all she has the greatest personal following. She is the idol of hundreds of homes. Her temper is always sunny, and she is always ready to respond to the call of the distressed. Nothing ever ruffles her, and she doesn't know the meaning of fatigue when she is needed.

Yesterday afternoon when an Evening World reporter saw Miss Pastor she had not eaten since breakfast, early in the morning. She said she hadn't had time, because there were so many to do, but she was going to try to get a few lines of poetry in time to get a line and a column in the Evening World.

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## MISS ROSE HARRIET PASTOR.

Fiancee of Millionaire J. G. Phelps Stokes, Who Will Write for The Evening World a Series of Articles Describing Her Experiences as a Worker Among the Poor of the East Side. (Sketched from life for The Evening World by Artist E. Fuhr.)



Union, which Mayor-Elect Dunne, of Chicago, addressed. Perhaps no phase of the romance between Miss Pastor and Mr. Stokes has caused so much comment as their difference in religion. Miss Pastor's views on the matter agree entirely with Mr. Stokes's. They do not see any difference in their religions. There is a religious belief which acknowledges one God who is worshipped in any way. There are no denominational lines in their conception of religion. The subject of the difference of opinion on such a matter.

Her Career Like Zangwill and Gorli.

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## WENT TO CHURCH AND IS MISSING

Mrs. Johanna Tobin, Sixty Years Old, Left Her Home, and Police Have Been Asked to Search for Her.

Mrs. Johanna Tobin, sixty-six years old, of No. 769 Columbus avenue, went to church services at the Holy Name Church, Amsterdam avenue and Ninety-sixth street, on Thursday last, and has not since been seen.

A daughter of Mrs. Tobin, Catherine, is employed as nurse in the home of Col. and Mrs. Henry A. Andrews, of No. 235 West Eighty-fifth street. Owing to the girl's anxiety on reaching home and not finding her mother, and the girl's highly nervous state on the mother being absent for two days, Mrs. Andrews accompanied by her husband, spent some time yesterday searching the hospitals for the missing woman.

Early today Col. and Mrs. Andrews drove to Bellevue Hospital and made pressing inquiry for a woman answering the description of the missing woman. Police Headquarters sent out a general alarm for the woman last night. Col. Andrews is a member of the Army and Navy Club.

Many photographers who have achieved eminence in other professions will be present. Thomas A. Edison will be the guest of honor. Col. A. R. and Navy Club.

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## MORGAN SMITH KNOWS STERN

Admits Acquaintance with the Pawnbroker, but Declares He Didn't Buy Pistol—Gov. Herri-Expects Home To-Day.

CINCINNATI, April 8.—"I have known Pawnbroker Stern for ten or twelve years," said J. Morgan Smith to-day when seen in jail and asked regarding the statement made by W. E. Burgess, of the Montreal Star.

"I have known Stern that long in a business way solely," he continued, "and he knows me, I presume. Stern could, of course, identify me as J. Morgan Smith, but as to identifying me as the man who bought the pistol with which Young was killed it would be impossible, for I did not buy it, and he knows I did not."

Burgess's statement, in so far as my acknowledging that I knew Stern is concerned, is correct, but there are a lot of things he says which are gross exaggerations. It is true, too, that in my college days I frequently had to call on pawnbrokers for assistance.

Smith seemed fairly cheerful, although distressed because his wife is compelled to stay in the same jail rooms with him.

The appearance in police court of the Smiths to answer the charge of being fugitives from justice has been postponed until next Tuesday by agreement of counsel.

COLUMBUS, O., April 8.—Gov. Herri-Expects Home To-Day.

Hyman Stern, the pawnbroker, when seen at his residence, No. 19 West Eighty-fifth street, to-day declared to an Evening World reporter that he could not discuss the subject of his acquaintance with J. Morgan Smith.

"I have given my promise," he said, "not to talk about this case, and a promise to me is as sacred as an oath. I will neither deny nor affirm that I ever had business dealings with Stern."

## CAR PIERCED BY LONG SPAR

Several Passengers on Jersey Trolley Were Hurt When Car Was Transfixed by Mast Loaded on Big Truck.

As the result of a Hackensack Meadows trolley car, running at full speed, being pierced by a long spar carried on a large truck a number of persons are to-day suffering severe injuries.

Car No. 678, bound from Jersey City to Newark, was behind a vehicle which was transporting a derelict mast, one end of which projected twenty-five feet behind the rear wheels. There was no lantern at the end of the spar, and the road was poorly lighted. The driver, William Kompp, of No. 135 Tichenor street, Newark, had turned out to permit the car to pass him, but the swinging mast was not counted upon.

It entered the left side of the car and tore its way among the passengers, shattering glass and light woodwork. The motorman, Emerson Braugue, of Eighth street and Sixteenth avenue, Newark, escaped injury, although the vestibule in which he stood was wrecked.

James Manning, twenty-five years old, of No. 305 Perry street, Newark, had a deep gash over his left eye, and was picked up unconscious. He was sent to the City Hospital.

The wounds were caused by flying glass. Mrs. Mary Pfeffer, forty-three years old, of No. 134 Route street, Belleville, N. J., received severe contusions; Minnie Harbison, of No. 115 Lexington street, Newark, contusions on legs and shins; Mrs. Mary Eldredge, of Newark, shocked; and Joseph Jefferson, of No. 90 Chapel street, Newark, bruised and cut on legs.

SHAH GOING ON PILGRIMAGE.

TEREDRAN, Persia, April 8.—The Shah is going on a pilgrimage to Mecca, capital of the Province of Khosrau, 15 miles northwest of Herat, Afghanistan, starting about April 23. The Gazette announces that the heir apparent, Mohammed Ali Mirza, will administer the government during his father's absence.

An imperial decree has been enacted ordering the reorganization of the Persian army, which under the new scheme will comprise twelve divisions, each of 10,000 men.

"I Could Not Give Up the Girls," She Says, When Telling the Pathetic Story of Her Failing Health at One Period of Her Battle for Existence—"They Needed Me More than I Needed the Money."

ALWAYS READY TO RESPOND TO THE CALL OF THOSE WHO ARE IN DISTRESS.

She Has Left a Remarkable Career Behind Her, but Her Field of Usefulness to Humanity Will Be Broadened with Her Entry Into the New Sphere That Her Marriage to Wealthy Mr. Stokes Will Create.

## Some of the Striking Epigrams in Miss Rose Pastor's "Dustpan Ethics."

No woman should forget that a good man's love does not grow between the cracks of every paving stone.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My faith is my fortune, sir," she said.

Some women never learn the difference between a bully and a master.

A flirt is a creature all men despise, some men amuse themselves with, a few men fall in love with, and no man, worthy of the name, marries.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the dearest hand in the world to at least one man. The owner of that hand is not a woman if this does not content her.

The greatest progress for a soul begins the day it meets another soul nobler, better, grander than itself.

A broken heart is better than a whole one where love has never crept in.

Faint heart never won fair lady.

Lucky heart! It may later have won a homely girl's heart and made the owner happy.

When a man's love is unbounded and his passion bound in chains he is a god among men.

Men have died from time to time and the worms have eaten them, but not for love. What could the worms have eaten them for?

If "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," I wonder why so many are bleating in the cold.

A copper coin given with a kind heart turns golden.

If there is nothing in life worth living for there is nothing worth dying for.

No man stands higher by stepping on the neck of his fellow.

For rest, give me sleep; for oblivion, death. But while I live and wake give me unforgetfulness and the ceaseless striving of the soul.

Let your right hand know when your left hand uses the dustpan.

To take is human—to give divine.

## REFUGEE GIRL TELLS WHY SHE STARTED FIRE

Thought More of Own Freedom than Lives of Other Inmates She Admits.

"I thought more of my freedom than of the lives of the other girls," said pretty Annie Greenfield, the Argentine, year-old girl in the House of Refuge, to-day, in explaining to an Evening World reporter why she had set fire to her mattress Thursday night, hoping to escape from the institution if the inmates were released hurriedly. Her statement that she cared more for freedom than a probable sacrifice of life in the fire that might have destroyed the old home was in answer to a query of whether or not she had thought of the consequences.

Annie Greenfield, who is pretty, though not intelligent looking girl, was sent to the House of Refuge on June 14, 1903, for eighteen months at the request of her mother, Mrs. Mary Greenfield, who lives with her married daughter, Mrs. Tillie Little, at No. 88 Avenue B. Annie was not a wicked girl, but she was truant from school and would not obey her parents. In the same room with her was placed another truant girl, Blanche Savage, colored, aged sixteen, of No. 226 West Twenty-sixth street.

"Thursday I had been suffering from cramps," said Annie, "and I asked the matron, Miss Mary Shafer, to let me out of the Refuge as my eighteen months had expired. I had been thinking of this for some time and had decided I was entitled to get out. Blanche and I talked about it at recess time and we planned to set our cell on fire and when it was going good give the alarm. The keepers would have to release all of the seventy-five girls and in the excitement we could escape."

"No, I did not think of whether the others might burn. I thought more of my freedom than of the lives of the other girls. I lighted a piece of paper and set it to our mattress. Then Blanche told me to stamp out the fire on the paper and hide it. It hid in the bosom of my dress, but they found it there when they searched me."

Supt. Byers, of the House of Refuge, complained to Fire Marshal Seery, who arrested the two girls and untried them before Magistrate Crane in Yorkville Court yesterday.

The girls were taken to the House of Refuge, where they were held in \$500 bail for trial.

When asked why the girl had not been released the authorities said that when her cell exploded they had notified her relatives, but none came for her, and they were obliged to hold her. Mrs. Greenfield is to-day attempting to have the girl released, as she says that Annie's health is frail.

A whole reference library condensed in a single book—such is "The World Almanac." Questions are constantly arising calling for investigation before a correct answer can be given. Don't miss the latest delivery into every volume in the 10th World Almanac.

## CHARGE MAN AND WIFE WITH ARSON

Joseph Lapin and his wife, Alice, of Nos. 38-40 Stuyvesant street, were arrested in Yorkville Court to-day on a charge of attempted arson and held in \$2,000 bail each for examination Monday.

The Lapins lived on the fourth floor of a six-story tenement, two families on each floor. According to the report of Annie Becker, a maid in the employ of Isaac Fireberg, who lives across the hall from the Lapins, Miss Lapin rushed from her flat carrying her eight-month-old child Charlotte and screaming "Fire!" The door closed behind her with a spring lock and the Becker girl said she shouted for Mrs. Lapin to unlock the door so that she could get to the fire. The woman, she says, paid no attention, but ran to the street.

The Becker girl ran to the flat below the Lapin flat and climbing the fire escape, broke in the window. She says that she discovered two doors open leading from the parlor into the dining room, passing through the bedrooms. Around these she saw were laid old-soaked papers and in the dining room, she said, was a mattress ripped open, old-soaked and blazing.

The girl was stamping out the fire when Policemen Ernst and O'Grady, of the East Street Station, rushed up and helped her. The fire marshall said the place had been insured for \$2,000.

Mrs. Lapin said that she did not know how the fire started as it happened shortly after Lapin went to work.



A Body Builder. GAINED 15 POUNDS. I gained 15 pounds taking Father John's Medicine. Alexander Kilmer, Police Officer, Johnstown, N. Y.

GAINED 6 POUNDS. I gained 6 pounds taking Father John's Medicine. Jas. McKenna, of the Dollar Savings Bank, Pittsburg, Pa.

Best Dressers Wear THE "CAPT. BARR" "LION BRAND" COLLAR 2 FOR 25 CENTS SOLD EVERYWHERE

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